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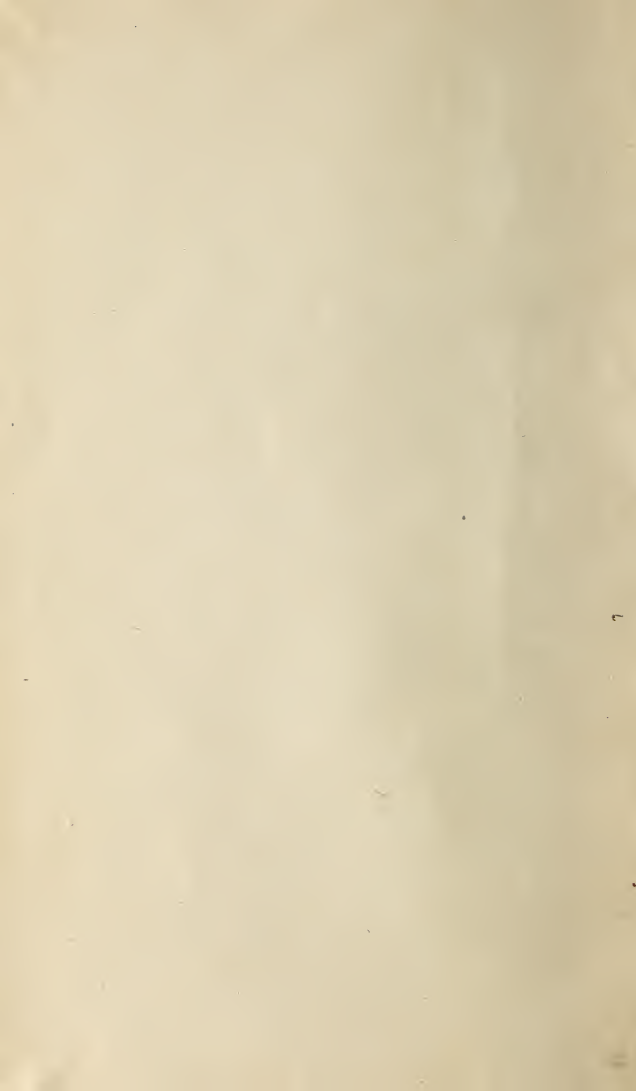
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THE]

SPOIL'D CHILD;

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

SMOKE-ALLEY.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS BURNSIDE,

LOWER LIFFEY-STREET.

1799

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Little Pickle,	-	-	-	Mrs. Jordan.
Pickle,	-	-	-	Mr. Innet.
Tagg,	-	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
John,	-	-	-	Mr. Burton.
Thomas,	-	-	-	Mr. Lyons.

WOMEN.

Miss Pickle,	-	-	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
Maria,	-	-	-	Miss Heard.
Margery,	-	-	-	Mrs. Booth.
Sufan, (cook-maid)	-	-	-	Mrs. Edwards.

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Dining Parlour.*

Enter Miss Pickle and Pickle.

W^{Pickle.}ELL, well, Sister, have a little patience, and these holidays will soon be over, and the boy then goes back to school, and all will be quiet.

Miss P. Yes, till the next breaking up—no, no, brother, unless he is severely punish'd for what he has already done, depend upon it, this vicious humour will be confirmed into habit, and his follies increase in proportion with his years.

Pick. Now wou'dn't any one think to hear you talk, that my son had actually some vice in him? For my part, I own there is something so whimsical in all his tricks, that I can't in my heart but forgive him; aye, and for aught I know, love him the better into the bargain.

Miss P. Yes, truly; because you have never been a sufferer by them—had you been rendered ridiculous as I have been by his tricks, as you call 'em, you wou'd have been the first to complain, and punish.

Pick. Nay, as to that, he hasn't spar'd even his father; is there a day passes I do not break my shins over stumbling blocks he lays in my way?—why, there isn't a door in the house but is arm'd with a basin of water on top, and left just a jarr; so that I can't walk over my own house, without running the hazard of a shower-bath, or being wet through.

Miss P. Aye, no wonder the child's spoil'd, since you will superintend his education yourself—you indeed.

Pick. Sister, sister, don't provoke me—at any rate I have wit enough to *conceal* my ignorance—I don't pretend to write verses and nonsense, as some folks do.

Miss P. Now wou'd you rail at me for the disposition I was born with? Can I help it, if the gods have made me poetical, as the divine bard says?

Pick. Made you poetical, indeed—'Sblood, if you had been born in a street near a college, or even next door to a day school, I shou'dn't have been surpris'd; but damn it, madam, what have you to do with poetry and stuff?

Miss P. Provoking ignorance!

Pick. Hav'n't you render'd yourself the sneer of all your acquaintance, by your refined and poetical intercourse with Mr. Tagg, the author; a fellow that strolls about the country, spouting and acting in every barn he comes to—and wasn't he found conceal'd in your closet, to the utter scandal of my *house*, and the ruin of your reputation?

Miss P. If you had the smallest spark of taste, you wou'd admire the effusions of Mr. Tagg's pen, and be enchanted with his admirable acting as much as I am—but as to this story, it may serve as another sample of my nephew's sweet disposition, to coin base falsehoods against his aunt's character.

Pick. Do you tell me I can't educate my own child, and make a Lord Chancellor of him, or an Archbishop of Canterbury—which ever I like, just as I please?

[*During the last speech PICKLE leans on the table, which is drawn away by a string, and he falls.*]

Miss P. I'll lay my life that this is another trick of this little mischievous wretch.

Pick. (*getting up*) An ungrateful little rascal! to serve me such a trick just as I had made an Archbishop of Canterbury of him—but as he can't be far off, I'll immediately correct him—Here, 'Thomas—(*going, meets THOMAS, who enters with table covered, two plates, knives and forks, roasted fowl, castors, butter-boat, &c.—places table between two chairs, and exit.*)

Pick.

Pick. But odso, here's dinner—well, I'll defer my re^sentment till that's over—but if I don't remember this trick one while, say my name is not Pickle.—(*cuts up the fowl*) Sister, this is the first pheasant we have had this season—it looks well—shall I help you? They say anger makes people dry; mine has made me hungry I think—come here's a wing for you, and some of the breast.

Enter SUSAN, running.

Su. O dear, Sir! O dear, ma'am! my young master ma'am! the parrot, ma'am—O dear!

Pick. Parrot and young master—what the deuce does the girl mean?

Miss P. Mean! why as sure as I live, that vile boy has been hurting my poor dear bird.

Su. Hurting, ma'am! no, ma'am indeed—besides I'm mortally certain it was the strange cat kill'd it this morning.

Miss P. How! kill'd it, say you! but go on, let's hear the whole.

Su. Why, ma'am, the truth is, I did but just step out of the kitchen for a moment, but in comes my young master, whips the pheasant that was roasting for dinner off the spit, and claps down your ladyship's parrot, ready pick'd and trufs'd in its place.

Pick. The parrot! the devil!

Su. I kept basting and basting, and never thought I was basting the parrot—till just now I found the pheasant and the parrot's feathers hid in the kitchen cupboard.

Miss P. O my sweet, my beautiful young bird; I had but just learn'd it to talk too.

Pick. You taught it to talk—it taught *you* to talk, you mean—I'm sure 'twas old enough—why 'twas hatch'd in the hard frost.

Miss P. Well, brother, what excuse now? But run Susan, d'ye hear, take John, and—

Enter JOHN slowly, and lame, his face bound.

John, here's a fine piece of business!

John. Aye, ma'am, sure enough—What, you've heard I see—business indeed—the poor thing will never recover.

Miss P. What, John, is it a mistake of Susan's? is it still alive? but where?—where is it, John?

John. Safe in the stable, an' it were as sound, a' made a hot mash—wou'dn't touch it—so crippled; will never have a leg to put on ground again.

Pick. No, I'll swear to that—for here's one of them.
[holding it up on the fork.]

Miss P. What does the fool mean? what, what's in the stable? what are you talking of?

John. Master's favourite mare, Daisey, ma'am, poor thing.

Pick. What? how? any thing the matter with Daisey—wou'dn't part with her for—

John. Aye, aye; quite done up—won't fetch five pounds at next fair.

Miss P. This dunce's ignorance distracts me—come along Susan.
[Exit with SUSAN.]

Pick. Why what can it be? what the devil ails her?

John. Why, Sir, the long and the short of the affair is as how—he has cut me all across the face—mercy I did not lose my eye.

Pick. This cursed fellow will drive me mad—the mare, the mare, you scoundrel, the mare.

John. Yes, Sir, the mare—then to my thins—Master Slave, the surgeon, says I mu st' noint wi—

Pick. Plague o' your thins, you dog—what's the matter with the mare?

John. Why, Sir, as I was coming this morning over Black Down, what does I see, but young master tearing over the turf upon Daisey; so I calls to him to stop, tho' I knew your honour had forbid him to ride her—but what does he me, but smacks his whip full in my face, and dash over the gate into Stoney-Lane.

Pick. Stoney-lane—well and what?

John. Farmer Flail met 'em, and had but just time to hide himself in the hedge, before down comes mare and master over a stone heap—and what's worse, when I rated him about it, he snatches up Tom Carter's long whip, and lays me so over the legs, and before I could catch

catch hold of him, he whips out of the stable, and was off like a shot.

Pick. Well, if ever I forgive him for this—no—I'll send him this moment back to school—school! Zounds, I'll send him to sea.

Enter Miss PICKLE.

Miss P. Well, brother, yonder comes your precious child—he's muttering all the way up stairs to himself some fresh mischief, I warrant.

Pick. Aye, here he comes—stand back, let's watch him—though I can never contain my passion long.
[*They retire.*]

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, with a kite at his back.

Little P. Well, so far all goes on rarely—dinner must be near ready—Old Poll will taste well, I dare say—Parrot and bread sauce, ha, ha, ha! they suppose they are going to have a nice young pheasant—an old parrot is a greater rarity, I'm sure; I can't help thinking how devilish tough the drumsticks will be—a fine piece of work aunt will make when 'tis found out; ecod, for ought I know, that may be better fun than t'other—no doubt Sukey will tell, and John too, about the mare; a parcel of sneaking fellows, always tell, tell, tell—I only wish I cou'd catch 'em at school once, that's all—I'd pay 'em well for it, I'd be bound—O here they are, and as I live, my father and aunt—to be sure I'm not got into a pretty scrape now—I almost wish I was safe back at school again—[*puts down the kite, they come forward*] O, Sir, how do you do? I was just coming to—

Pick. Come, come, no fooling now; how dare you look me in the face, after the mischief you have done?

Little P. Mischief, Sir! what mischief have I done?

Pick. This impudence provokes me beyond all—you know the value I set upon the mare you have spoil'd for ever.

Little P. But, Sir, hear me—indeed I was not so much to blame, Sir, not so very much.

Miss P.

Miss P. Don't aggravate your faults by pretending to excuse them ; your father is too kind to you.

Little P. Dear Sir, I own I was unfortunate, but I heard you often complain how wild and vicious Daisy was ; and so, Sir, sooner than you should suffer, I was resolved to venture my own neck, and try to tame her for you, that's all, Sir—and so I was no sooner mounted than off she set—I cou'dn't help that you know, Sir—and so this misfortune happen'd—but indeed, Sir——

Pick. Cou'd I be sure this was your motive, that it was merely *love* and *regard* for your old father makes you thus tieze and torment him, perhaps I might be inclined—

John. Yes, Sir, but 'twas no love and regard that made him beat me so.

Little P. John, you know you were to blame—indeed Sir, the truth is, John was scolding me for it, and when I told him, as I have told you, why I did it, and that it was to hinder your being hurt, he said *that* was no business of mine, and if your neck *was* broke, 'twas no such great matter.

Pick. What ! no great matter to have my neck broke ?

Little P. No, Sir, so he said ; and I was vex'd to hear him speak so of you—and I believe I might take up the whip and give him a cut or two on the legs—it cou'd not hurt him much.

Pick. Well, child, I believe I must forgive you, and so shall John too—but I had forgot poor Poll—what did you roast the parrot for, you young dog you ?

Little P. Why, Sir, I knew you and my aunt were both so fond of it, I thought she'd like to see it well dress'd—but dear aunt [*to Miss PICKLE*] I know you must be angry with me, and you think, with reason.

Miss P. Don't speak to me—I'm not so weak as your father, whatever you may fancy.

Little P. But indeed aunt you must hear me ; had I not I lov'd you as I do, I shou'dn't have thus offended you—but it was merely my regard for your character.

Pick. Character !

John. Character !—O Lord, O Lord !

Pick. Get about your business, you scoundrel.

[*Exit John.*]

Little P.

Little P. Why, dear aunt, I had heard that ladies kept parrots or lap-dogs, till they were no longer able to keep lovers—and when at school I told 'em you kept a parrot, the boys said, then you must be a foolish old maid.

Miss P. Indeed! impudent young wretches.

Little P. Yes, aunt, and I resolv'd you shou'd no longer be thought so---for I think you are a great deal too handsome for an old maid. *[kisses her hand.]*

Pick. Come, Sister, faith you must forgive him---no female heart can withstand that.

Miss P. Brother, I can forgive where I see occasion; but though these faults are thus excused, how will you answer to a charge of scandal and ill-nature?

Little P. Ill-nature, ma'am---I'm sure nobody can accuse me of that.

Miss P. How will you justify the report you spread of my being lock'd up in my closet with Mr. Tagg, the author?---can you defend so vile an attempt to injure my dear reputation?

Pick. What! that too I suppose was from your care of her character---and so to hinder your aunt from being thought an old maid, you lock'd her up in her closet with this author, as he's call'd?

Little P. Nay, indeed dear ma'am---I beseech you 'twas no such thing---all I said was, you were amusing yourself in your closet with a favourite author.

Miss P. I amuse myself in my closet with a favourite author! worse and worse.

Pick. Sister, have patience---hear---

Miss P. I am ashamed to see you support your boy in such insolence---I indeed! who am scrupulous to a fault---but no longer will I remain subject to such impertinence; I quit your house, Sir, and you shall quit all claim to my fortune---this moment I'll alter my will, and leave my money to a stranger sooner than to your family.

[Exit.]

Pick. Her money to a stranger! O the three per cent. consols---O the India stock---go child---fly, throw yourself at your aunt's feet; say any thing to please her---I shall run distracted---O those consols!

Little P. I am gone, Sir---shall I say she may die as soon

soon as she pleases, but she must not leave her money to a stranger.

Pick. Aye, aye, there's a good boy ; say any thing to please her---that will do very well ; say she may die as soon as she pleases, but she must not leave her money to a stranger.

[*Exit LITTLE PICKLE.*]

Well, never man was so tormented. I thought when my poor dear wife, Mrs. Pickle, died, and left me a disconsolate widower, I had some chance of being a happy man—but I know not how it is—I cou'd bear the vexations of my wife's bad temper better than this woman's—all my married friends were as miserable as myself, that was some relief, but now—faith here she comes, and in a fine humour no doubt.

Enter MISS PICKLE.

Miss P. Brother, I have given directions for my immediate departure, and I am now to tell you, I will persist in my design, unless you this moment adopt the scheme I yesterday laid down for my nephew's amendment.

Pick. Why, my dear sister, you know there's nothing I wou'dnt readily do to satisfy and appease you, but to abandon my own child, and take a beggar's brat into my arms—impossible !

Miss P. [*going.*] Very well, Sir, then I'm gone.

Pick. But, Sister, stay—was ever man so used ?—how long is this scheme of your's to last ?—how long am I to be depriv'd of him ?

Miss P. How long ! why till he's brought duly to reflect on his bad behaviour, which nothing will induce him to do, sooner than thinking he is no longer your son, but the child of poor parents—I yesterday spoke to Margaret, our old nurse, and she fully comprehends the whole affair.

Pick. But why, in addition to the quitting my own child, am I to have the torment of receiving her's—won't the sending him away be sufficient ?

Miss P. Unless the plot's manag'd my way, I'll have nothing to say to it, but begone—can't you tell that his distress, at losing his situation, will be augmented, by
seeing

seeing it in possession of another? come, come, brother, a week's purgatory will reform him, depend upon it.

Pick. Why to be sure as you say, it will reform him, and as we shall have an eye upon him all the while, and Margaret was his own nurse.

Miss P. You may be sure she'll take care of him—Well, since this is settled, the sooner it is done the better. Thomas! [*Enter THOMAS*] send your young master here. [*Exit THOMAS.*]

Pick. I see you are finally resolv'd, and no other way will content you—well, heaven protect my poor child.

Miss P. Brother, you are so blinded by your foolish fondness, that you cease to receive what is for his benefit—'tis happy for you, there is a person to direct you, of my superior discernment.

Enter LITTLE PICKLE.

Little P. Did you send for me, aunt?

Pick. Child, come hither, I have a secret to disclose to you, at which you will be surpris'd.

Little P. A secret, Sir!

Miss P. Yes, and one that requires your utmost courage to bear—You are no longer to consider that person as your father—he is not so—Margaret, who nurs'd you, has confess'd—and the thing is sufficiently prov'd, that you are not *his* son, but *her's*—she exchanged you when an infant, for my real nephew, and her conscience at last compell'd her to make the discovery.

Little P. I another person's child? impossible!—Ah, you are only a joking with me now, to see whether I love you or not—but indeed I am yours—my heart tells me I am only, only your's. [*to PICKLE*]

Pick. You deceive yourself—there can be no doubt of the truth of Margaret's account.

Little P. Good heavens! dear Sir, don't say so—I will not believe it—it can never be!—must I then give up all I respect and love to the possession of another?—believe, Sir, 'tisn't the splendor of riches I repine at quitting, 'tis the happiness I never till now felt, of calling you father—aunt.

Pick.

Pick. Assure yourself of our protection ; but no longer can you remain in this house—I must not do an injury to my own child—you belong to others—to them you must now go.

Little P. Yet, Sir, for an instant hear me—pity me, dear aunt, if yet I dare to call you so, intercede in my behalf—Heaven! she knows me not. Ah! then too sure I know I am not your child—or would that distress which draws tears of pity from them, fail not to move nature in you.—Farewell, I must away—but at least forgive me—pardon the faults I have committed, you cannot in pity deny me that.

SONG—Tune, “ *Je suis Lindor.* ” (voice alone)

Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care,
Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,
Ah, but forgive me! pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

II.

Where'er I go, whate'r my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
And hap'ly musing o'er my cruel fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me, &c. &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE—A Parlour.

*Enter MISS PICKLE and MARGERY.**Margery.*

AND so as I was telling your ladyship, poor little master does so take it to heart, and so weep and wail, it almost makes me cry to hear him.

Miss P. Well, well, since he begins already to repent, his punishment shall be but short.—But have you brought your boy with you?

Marg. Aye, have I—poor Tommy—he came from aboard of ship but now—and is so grown and alter'd.—Sure enough, he believes every word I have told him, as your honour order'd me—and, I warrant, is so sheepish and shamefac'd me.—O, here comes my master—he has heard it all already—

Enter Pickle.

But, my lady, shall I fetch my poor Tommy to you?—he's waiting without.

Pick. What, that ill-looking young rascal in the hall; he with the jacket and trowsers?

Marg. Aye, your honour—then you have seen him?

Pick. Seen him!—aye, and felt him too—the booby met me bolt at the corner—run his curst carrotty poll in my face, and has loosen'd every tooth in my head, I believe.

Marg. Poor lad—he's a sailor, and but awkward as yet; and so shy, I warrant.—But will your honour be kind to him?

Pick. Kind to him—why I'm to pass for his father, a'n't I?

B

Marg.

Marg. Aye, I wish your honour had been poor Tommy's father—but no such luck for me, as I say to my husband.

Pick. Indeed!—your husband must be very much obliged to you, and so am I.

Marg. But do, your honour, onc e't me see my Tommy dress'd in his fine smart cloaths.

Pick. Dam'me! I don't half like that Tommy.

Miss P. Yes, yes, you shall—but now go and fetch him here to us—I shou'd like much to see him.

Marg. Do you now madam speak kindly to him, for poor boy, he's quite dash'd.

Pick. Dash'd!—yes, and he has dash'd some of my teeth out, plague on him.

Miss P. Now, Mr. Pickle, I insist upon your observing a proper behaviour and decorum towards this poor lad—observe the condescension of my deportment—methinks I feel a strange inclination already in his favour—perhaps I may advance him by and by to be my page—shall I brother?—here he comes, and I declare, as prepossessing a countenance as I ever beheld.

*Enter MARGERY, and LITTLE PICKLE as a Sailor—
red hair.*

Miss P. Come hither, child—was there ever such an engaging air?

Marg. Go, Tommy, do as you're bid, that's a good boy—thank his honour for his goodness to you.

Little P. Be you the old fellow that's just come to be my father?

Pick. [*Afide*] Old fellow—he's devilish dash'd to be re—yes, *I am* the old fellow, as you call it—will you be a good child?

Little P. Aye, but what will you gi' me?—must I be good for nothing?

Pick. Good for nothing! nay, that I'll swear you are already—well, and how long have you been come from sea ch?—how do you like a sailor's life, eh?

SONG

SONG—*Melton Oysters.*

LITTLE PICKLE.

I am a brisk and sprightly lad,
 Just come home from sea, Sir ;
 Of all the lives I ever led,
 A sailor's life for me, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo ! yeo, yeo, yeo !
 While the boatswain pipes all hands,
 With yeo, yeo, yeo ! Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
 That o'er the ocean roams, Sir ;
 In every clime we find a port,
 In every port a home, Sir.
 yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
 Each hastens to his gun, Sir ;
 We make the boasted Frenchman fly,
 And bang the haughty Don, Sir.
 yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdued once more on shore,
 We spend our cash with glee, Sir ;
 And when all's gone, we drown our care,
 And out again to sea, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo ! yeo, yeo, yeo !
 And when all's gone, again to sea,
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo ! Sir.

Pick. So, this is the way I'm to be entertained in future, with forecastle jokes, and tarpaulin songs.

Miss P. Brother, don't speak so harshly to the poor lad—come to me, my pretty boy, I'll be your friend.

Little P. Friend ! Oh, what your're my grandmother ?
 [*to Miss P.*] Father, mustn't I call her grannie ?

Pick.e What, he wants encouragement, sister—he's found out one relation however.—This boy's assurance diverts me, I like him,—[*aside*]

Little P. Granne's mortal cross and frumpish—la, father! what makes your mother there so plaguy foul weather'd?

Miss P. Mother, indeed!

Pick. O nothing at all, my dear; she's the best humour'd person in the world—go, throw yourself at her feet, and ask her blessing—perhaps she may gi' ye something. [*mimics.*]

Little P. A blessing!—I shan't be much richer for that, neither—perhaps she may give me half-a-crown—I'll throw myself at her feet, and ask for a guinea—[*kneels*] dear granne, gi' me that pretty picture. [*catches at it*]

Miss P. Stand off, wretch, am I to be robb'd as well as insulted?

Marg. Fie, child! learn to behave yourself better.

Little P. Behave myself! learn you to behave yourself—I shou'nd't have thought of you, indeed—get you gone—I'm a young german now, and mustn't remember old acquaintances—get out, I say.

[*drives her off, and follows.*]

Pick. Well, sister, this plan of your's, I hope, succeeds to you satisfaction—he'll make a mighty pretty page, sister—what an engaging air he has, sister.—This is some revenge for her treatment of my poor boy. [*Aside*]

Miss P. I perceive this to be all a contrivance—and this boy is taught to insult me thus—but ere long, you may repent this unparalleled treatment of unprotected innocence. [*Exit.*]

Pick. What, she means to go off with her lover, the player man, I suppose—but I'll watch her and her consols too—and if I catch him in my house, it shall be his last appearance this season. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter LITTLE PICKLE.

Little P. There they go—ha, ha, ha! my scheme has gone on rarely—rather better than their's, I think;—blessings on the old nurse for consenting to it. I'll teach 'em to turn people out of doors—let me see—what trick shall I play 'em now—suppose I set the house on fire—no, no, it's too soon for that—that will do very well by and by—let me see—I wish I could see my sister—I'll discover

discover myself to her, and then we might contrive something together nicely—that staircase leads to her room—I'll try and call her—*[goes and listens]* there's nobody in the way—hiss, hiss! Maria, Maria!—she hears me—she's coming this way *[runs and hides himself]*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Sure somebody call'd me—no, there's nobody here—heigho! I've almost cried myself blind about my poor brother, for so I shall always call him—aye, and love him too—*[going]*

Little P. Maria!—Sister!—stop an instant.

Mar. My Brother, Charles! impossible!

Little P. 'Tis e'en so, faith——'twas all a trick about the nurse and child—I coax'd the old woman to confess the whole to me—so borrowing this dress as you see, return'd to plague 'em a little more, that's all—now you and I must consult together how to revenge ourselves—let me see—how shall we vex 'em?—I'll let 'em see who's best at plotting—what shall it be?—you can't contrive to kill yourself for the loss of me, can you?—that would have a fine effect—is there nothing I can think of?—suppose you pretend to fall in love with me, and we may run away together.

Mar. That will do admirably; and you may depend on my playing my part with a good will, for I owe them some revenge for their treatment of you—besides, you know I can refuse you nothing.

Enter PICKLE behind.

Little P. Thank you a thousand times, my dear Maria—thus we'll contrive it.

[Seeing PICKLE they pretend to whisper]

Pick. What!—how's this?—“Dear Maria,” and “I'll refuse you nothing”—Death and the devil! my daughter has fallen in love with that young rascal, and his yeo, yeo, yeo!—see too, they embrace *[comes forward]* mighty well young madam, mighty well—but come, you shall be lock'd up immediately, and you, young rascal be whipt out the house.

Little P. You won't be so hard-hearted sure—we will not part—here is my anchor fix'd—here I am moor'd for ever—[*PICKLE endeavours to take MARIA from him—she resists, and Little P. detains her by the hand.*]

Mar. [*romantically*] No—we'll never, never part—O cruel, cruel fate!

Pick. He has infected her with his assurance already.—What, you young minx, do you own you love him!

Mar. Love him, Sir, I adore him! and spite of your utmost opposition, ever, ever shall.

Pick. O ruin'd! und one!—what a wretched old man am I—but Maria! child!

Mar. Think not to dissuad me, Sir, vain attempt! no, Sir, my affections are fix'd, never to be recall'd.

Pick. O dear! what shall I do? what will become of me?—Oh! a plague on my plot, I have lost my daughter, and for ought I know, my son too—Why, child, he's a beggar—he's not worth a sixpence.

Mar. My soul abhors so low a thought—know, Sir, I cherish nobler sentiments—

“ The generous youth shall own

“ I love him for himself alone.

Pick. What, poetry too! nay, then 'tis time to prevent further mischief—[*pulls her*] Go to your room—a good key shall ensure your safety, and that young rascal may go back to sea, with his yeo, yeo, yeo, if he will.

Mar. I obey your harsh command, Sir, and am gone; but, alas! I leave my heart behind.

[*Exit—PICKLE locks her in*]

Pick. Now, Sir, for you—don't look so audacious, you young villain—don't fancy you belong to me—I utterly disclaim you.

Little P. [*laughing*] But that's rather too late now, old one—you have publicly said I was your son, and dam'me I'll make you stand to it.

Pick. The devil! here's an affair—John! Thomas! William!

Enter

Enter JOHN, THOMAS, and SUSAN.

Take that fellow, and turn him out of doors immediately.

Tho. Fellow! who, Sir?

Pick. Who! why zounds! him there, don't you see him?

John. What! my new young master! no, Sir, I've turn'd out one already—I'll turn out no more.

Pick. He's not your young master—he's no son of mine—away with him, I say.

Su. No, Sir, we know our young master too well for all that—why, he's as like your honour as one pea is like another.

John. Aye, heaven bless him!—and may he shortly succeed your honour in your estate and fortune.

Pick. Roguest villains! I'm abused, robbed—[*drives Servants off*] there's a conspiracy form'd against me, and this little pirate is at the head of the gang—

Enter THOMAS, gives PICKLE a letter, and exit.

Odso! here's a letter from my poor boy—this is a comfort indeed—well, I'll send for him home without further delay—[*reads*]—“Honoured Sir, I heartily repent of having so far abused your goodness, while bless'd with your protection—but as I fear no penitence will restore me to your favour, have resolv'd to put it out of my power again to offend you, by bidding adieu to my country for ever.”—Here, John; go, run directly to Margery's, fetch home my son, and—

Little P. You may save yourself the trouble—'tis too late—you'll never bring him too, now, make as many signals, and fire as many guns as you please.

Pick. What d'ye mean?

Little P. Mean—why he and I have chang'd births, that's all.

Pick. Chang'd births!]

Little P. Aye—I'm got into his hammock, and he's got into mine, that's all—he's some leagues off at sea by this time—the tide serves, the wind's fair, and Botany Bay's the word, my old boy.

Pick.

Pick. Botany Bay—then my misery is complete—
 unhappy Pickle—but I'll instantly see about this myself;
 and if its true, I'll come back just to blow out your brains,
 and so be either hang'd, or sent to Botany Bay after him.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE—A Garden.

Enter Miss PICKLE.

Miss P. This is the hour of my appointment with Mr. Tagg—and my brother's absence is favourable indeed.—Well, after such treatment, can he be surpris'd if I throw myself into the arms of so passionate an admirer?—my fluttering little heart tells me this is an important crisis in my happiness.—How much these vile men have to answer, in thus bewitching us silly girls.

TAGG (behind)

“ The heavy hours are almost past,
 “ That part my love and me.”

Enters.

“ My longing eyes may hope at last,
 “ Their only joy to see.”

Thus, most charming of your sex, let me prostrate myself
 at the shrine of beauty. [kneels.]

Miss P. Mr. Tagg, I fear I never can be your's.

Tagg. Adorable, lovely! the most beautified Ophelia!
 “ beautified is a vile phrase.”

Miss P. Indeed, Mr. Tagg, you make me blush with
 your compliments.

Tagg. Compliments!—“ O call not by that hacknied
 “ name the voice of truth.”—“ Lovely nymph, O deign
 “ to hear me—I'll teach you what it is to love.”

Miss P. Love, Mr. Tagg!—O moderate your trans-
 ports, be advis'd—think no more of this fatal passion.

Tagg.

Tagg. Think no more of it!—"can love be controul'd by advice?—will Cupid our mother obey?" O then consent, my angel, to join our hands in one—or give me death in a frown.

Miss P. Can I refuse any thing to such a lover?—but my dear friend, were I to consent to our tender union, how cou'd we contrive our escape?—my brother's vigilance would overtake us—and you might have some cause to repent of his anger.

[LITTLE PICKLE enters, sees them, and runs off unperceived.]

Tagg. O he's a Goth, a mere Vandyke, my love!—“but fear makes the danger seem double—say Hymen, what mischief and trouble—say what men will, wedlock's a pill—bitter to swallow, and hard of digestion.”—I've contriv'd the plot, and every scene of the elopement—here in this shady blest retreat will I unfold it all:—[reaches chairs] let's sit down like Jessica and the fair Lorenzo here——[they sit.]

“ Wou'd you taste the moon tied hair,
 “ To yon flagrant bower repair;
 “ Where mixing with the poplar bough,
 “ The bantling fine shall shelter you.
 “ Since music is the food of love,
 “ We'll to the nightingale's complacent notes,
 “ Tune our distresses, and record our woes.”

[During the above speech LITTLE PICKLE steals on behind them, sews their clothes together, and runs off unseen]

Miss P. O I could listen thus for ever to the charms of love and harmony—But how are we to plan our escape?

Tagg. In a low and mean attire, muffled up in a great cloak, will I await you in this happy spot—but why, my soul, why not this instantly?—thus let me seize my tender bit of lamb.—There, I think, I had her as dead as mutton. [Aside.]

Miss P. No, I'm not yet equipp'd for an elopement! and what is more of consequence still, I hav'n't got with me a casket of jewels I have prepared, rather too valuable to be left behind.

Tagg.

Tagg. [*aside*] That is of some consequence indeed to me,—“My diamond, my pearl,” then be a good girl untill I come to thee again.

Miss P. Come back again in the disguise immediately—and if fortune favours faithful lovers vows, I will contrive to slip out to you—

Tagg. Dispose of me, lovely creature, as you please—but don't forget the casket.

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, running.

Little P. Granne ! granne !

Miss P. What rude interruption's this ?

Little P. O nothing at all—only father's coming, that's all.

Tagg. The devil ! what a catastrophe ! [*both rise.*]

Miss P. One last adieu ! [*they embrace*] think you we shall ever meet again ?

[*They find themselves fastened and struggle.*]

Tagg. Dam'me if I think we shall ever part.

Miss P. Don't detain me—won't you let me go ?

Tagg. Go ! Zounds ! I wish you *was* gone.

[*Miss PICKLE runs off with the lap of TAGG's coat, which tears off—TAGG exit—LITTLE PICKLE runs off laughing.*]

Enter PICKLE.

Pick. Well, all's not so bad as I fear'd—he is not yet gone to sea, and Margery assures me I shall see him quite another thing from what he was—but now let me look after my sister—tho' she let me play the fool, I'll take care to prevent her—I mustn't give up the consols—but odso, I hav'n't yet seen my daughter,—I'll to her first, lest young yeo, yeo, thou'd really get her shipt off—and when I've secured fifteen, I'll look after fifty—but who's coming here ? I'll conceal myself and watch—(*goes into the arbour.*)

Enter Miss PICKLE, with a casket.

Miss P. Mr. Tagg—I hope he's return'd—how I tremble—kind Cupid aid your vot'ry's feeble steps—

Enter

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, disguised in a long cloak.

Miss P. [*mistaking him for TAGG*] O my dear Mr. Tagg—take the casket, and let us make haste, that we may escape before my brother comes back.

Little P. [*Kissing her hand*] This way—this way.
[As they are going OLD PICKLE comes from the arbour and stops them]

Pick. Your most obedient humble servant, madam—well said fifty, egad!—your most obsequious, Mr. Alexander [*collars LITTLE PICKLE*] what John! William! Thomas! you shall not want attendants, mighty prince—*[Enter Servants]* or may hap you had rather sleep in a castle, great hero—we have a convenient jail close by, where you will be very safe, most illustrious chief—

Miss P. A jail! O heavens! my poor dear Mr. Tagg—a victim to his love for me—O let's implore his forgiveness, and intreat him to release you.

LITTLE PICKLE kneels--throws off his disguise, and appears in his own hair, though still in the sailor's dress.]

Little P. Thus then let me implore for pardon, and believe, that a repentance as sincere as mine, will never suffer my heart to wander from its duty towards you.

Pick. What's this? my son! [*embraces him*] odds my heart, I'm glad to see him once more—O you dear little fellow—but you wicked scoundrel, how dare you play me such tricks?

Little P. Tricks! O, Sir, recollect you have kindly pardoned them already—and now you must intercede for me with my aunt, that I may have her forgiveness too, or preventing her from elopping with her tender swain, Mr. Tagg.

Pick. Mr. Tagg! odds, there the consols were sinking apace, but you have rais'd them once more. [*embraces.*

Little P. And do you then indeed, Sir, sincerely forgive me, and forget all past follies?

. Pick.

Pick. Forget them—ah, had you vex'd me as much again, I should have been more than repaid by the happiness of this moment.

Little P. Kind Sir, my joy is then complete, and I will never more offend. (*Comes forward.*)—And yet wou'd these, our fair and gracious spectators, condescend to own they have been amused by my tricks, (and if I can judge, or am skill'd in the language of eyes, they deign to smile assent) I shall be tempted again to transgress.

F I N I S.

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